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"THE CATHEDRAL"

AND

OTHER POEMS:

BY

HENRY DOMAN,

LYMINGTON.

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THE CATHEDRAL.

The soul of man is a cathedral dim,
Vaster than Grecian or Egyptian pile;
And ever floating down each solemn aisle,
On waves of melody divinely swim
The many voicèd chant, or melting hymn.
From crimsoned window, tremulous and faint,
On columned niche and stone chimera grim,
Martyr, and mitred abbot, king, and saint;
Through chancel, nave, and oratory quaint;
On ancient font engraved about with rhyme,
And tablets covered with memorial lore;
On monuments and effigies of yore,
And tombs of heroes of the olden time;—
The day-beam flickers, mystic and sublime.

Through it, with tragic pomp and awful show,
And weeping multitudes on bended knees;
With dirges sweet and mournful litanies,
And organs pealing stately anthems slow,
Great funeral processions come and go.
Then torches flare, and sable banners wave,
And crosses gleam, and priestly vestments flow,
And wands are broken over honour's grave,
Where sleeps the loved, or mighty one, or brave,—
Youth, glory, beauty, gladness, ever fled.
And white-robed choristers, with chant and prayer,
Move round the altar, in due order led;
Where smoking incense dims the scented air,
And hallowed fingers holy waters shed.

Without, beneath its everlasting walls,
Serenely sleeping in their slumbrous shade,
The friends that we have loved and lost are laid.
In vain the tender voice of memory calls;
For, save in rare and spiritual intervals,

They come to us no more, who with us played
In rural vales, or where the waterfalls
Flash through the broken hills. Of those who made
Our lives too full of music, most are here;
And like the turf above them, undecayed,
Pensive, and pleasing, their memorials dear,
Flourish unchanged through every changing year.
Masses we sing for them, and prayers are prayed
Continually: thus love's sad rites are paid.

Its roof with many pinnacles and spires,
And crosses shining in the glittering air,
And winged angels meditating prayer,
Gleams golden in the morning's golden fires.
On weary foot the pilgrim faint aspires
To mount the painful stairs that winding lead
Up to the silent summits: he desires
A glimpse of Eden's flower-empurpled mead,
And life's fair flowing river bright and clear.
Fair sight! that sometimes comes in sorest need,

When on some lonely point we take our stand,
And through the slowly opening atmosphere,
Discern the features of that better land,
That is afar off, and is yet so near.

It hath its seasons of high festival:
The joy-bells pealing from its many towers;
Its altars twined and garlanded with flowers,
Whose crimson glories flash from columns tall,
Where solemn arches spring from buttress'd wall.
Serenely, sweetly floating on the swell
Of mighty music, thundering stately praise,
Voices of hidden angels sing their lays
Of joy eternal, inexhaustible.
A spiritual influence and spell—
A sound of many wings, as of the sea—
A glory spreading mystic and divine—
And cloven, golden flames on every shrine—
Reveal the presence of the Deity.

Then to th' internal unclosed eye is shown
The King, in all His beauty, and the great
Glory of His fair kingdom, and the state
And majesty that dwell about His throne.
Then dies the outer world: its scenes are flown,
Its sorrows lost, its chequer'd memories gone.
The films that dim our inner sight unfold;
We look, and die not, tremulously bold.
As Sheba's queen on princely Solomon
We gaze, and say the half hath not been told.
Then flames the sacred heart: celestial fire
Flows from the altar as in days of old,
Touching the lips no longer dumb and cold:
And all the soul is one eternal quire.

SUMMER MUSINGS.

All in the sultry noon,
How sweet it is to lie,
Gazing through waving boughs,
Into the deep blue sky;
Listening unto the tune
Of the wild bee droning by;
And the river that sings in June
A dream-like melody.

On a mighty sea of leaves
The southern breeze is blowing;
The forest ocean heaves
Green waves in beauty flowing.

Light sits on every spray,
The shadows dance in the river,
The sedges whisper and play,
Play and whisper for ever.

Far o'er the sunny lea
The heather waves its bells,
And the butterfly and the bee
Sip from its honeyed cells.
The yellow gorse and broom
Gleam on the distant fells,
And wild thyme's scented bloom
Wafts up from turfy dells.

See where with crimson plume,
The fiery foxglove stands,
Half-hid in verdant gloom
By emerald bars and bands.

Here through the silent hours
The stately king-fern bends ;
And creeping through the flowers,
His way the beetle wends.

Wide o'er the fields of corn,
That in golden beauty lie,
With a rippling shimmering sound,
The rapid shadows fly ;
Flying over the wheat,
And the barley's bearded grain,
With a noise as of angels' feet,
And a tinkling sound, like rain.

Pleasant it is to lie
In shadow calm and still,
To hear the lark in the sky,
And the blackbird down by the mill ;

The dreamy murmuring sound
Of the quivering leaves of June,
And the river that all year round
Singeth its quiet tune.

O would that my heart could feel
As in the days gone by,
When friends were never to change,
And dear ones never to die.
Dreaming about them for ever,
In the shade that lies under the hill,
And along by the murmuring river,
I fondly think of them still.

THE BURIAL OF THE DARLING.

We buried our darling at break of morn,
When the winter's cold wind was blowing;
We laid him down in his grave forlorn,
And our tears were silently flowing.

We laid him down in his lonely grave,
And heard not the minister praying;
But thought how above him the grasses would wave,
And the birds all singing and playing.

Ve thought of the little voice that was still,
o disturb us no more with its chatter;
f the little white feet now so clammy and chill,
hat around us would never more patter.

Ve thought, as they laid him deep in the mould,
There the tomb for our darling was craving,
f the sunlighted countenance, dearer than gold,
nd the bright locks so gracefully waving.

Ve thought, as the robin sang merry and clear,
f that home where the happy shall gather;
nd we check'd the last sob, and wiped the last tear,
or the darling gone home to the Father.

Ve turned, as the winter-flakes fell from the cloud,
nd the keen wind blew colder and colder;
nd there, in his little grey coffin and shroud,
eft our darling to silently moulder.

We thought as we turned, of the years that shou
come,
When the gash in our souls will be mended ;
When the darling we mourned for will welcome
home,
And the days of our grief shall be ended.

THE CLEMATIS.

It was not long ago,
When in the frost and snow,
The beauteous creeper hung its dying head;
Its branches dropping down,
All withered, sere, and brown,
And black, unsightly leaves beneath it spread.

The chill November shower
Dripp'd through its leafy bower,
Loosening its hold upon the slimy wall;
And from its slippery leaves,
Up to the housetop eaves,
The snail and spider did reluctant crawl.

The storm its requiem sung
With sad and solemn tongue,
As flew its wither'd leaves upon the blast;
And winter, calm and slow,
A spotless shroud of snow
All tenderly did o'er its branches cast.

Now, roused from winter's sleep,
Its verdant beauties creep,
A robe of glory, round the gabled hall;
And where the ivy clings,
And the saucy blackbird sings,
The clematis goes climbing over all.

THE OLD PIANO.

I am not lonely here; around me gather
Many a dear friend I shall see no more.
Chiefest and dearest comes my gray old father,
With his calm kindness as in days of yore.
And though no more I gaze upon his features,
Nor listen to the voice I loved to hear,—
Though he no longer walks amid earth's creatures,—
Yet in the spirit is my father near.
An awful thrill creeps o'er me in the presence
Intangible, but real, of this dear friend;
A mixture of love and fear, the immortal essence
Of an affection that shall know no end.
I wake once more the chords he loved to hear,
The old familiar tunes to memory ever dear.

And not alone he comes; a sainted mother
Out from the heavens descends her son to bless:
A friend such as she was I have no other,
With such a boundless love and tenderness.
The moonlight flows into the room, and she
Stands where its glory falls along the floor,—
Seraph and saint,—yet ever unto me
A mother, a dear mother—nothing more
Nor less. Not heaven itself can break that bond.
She speaks not, yet I feel her pure thoughts flow
Into my heart, and raise it far beyond
The dull cares of this fleeting world of woe;
This sorrowful world, yet so well sanctified
With thoughts of those dear to us who have died.

And other dear friends I have lost, full many
At times come down into my quiet room;
Loving and beautiful are they; not any
Are unwelcome; peopling the evening gloom
With their pure presence and untroubled joy.

There are among them some whose hairs were gray
Ere they departed; there's a glorious boy
With waving locks, who fled in earliest day,
By angels borne to heaven; and maidens holy,
Who with clasped hands in prayer, all meekly died.
These come to soothe my heart's deep melancholy,
And wean it from this world's deceit and pride;
And with their pure communion hush to sleep
The thoughts that would my soul in thraldom keep.

The dead are not the lost; but ever near us
In spiritual presence they are found; they dwell
About us still; they love us, see us, hear us;—
And when upon our hearts their memories swell,
Their tender influence soothes us while we weep,
And spreads a halcyon calm o'er passion's troubled deep.

WALHAMPTON AVENUE.

How tall and straight this giant tree hath grown!
His spreading arms an open court have kept
Around him, and the space is all his own,
Save where th' intruding briony hath crept,
Clustering about his roots. The storms have swept
Full many a winter through his massive boughs;
Saxon and Dane beneath his shade have slept:
Here too of old the red deer loved to browse,
Lifting his lordly front in God's great forest house.

And round about, the kingly forest trees
Upraise their plumy heads in stateliest row;
Nature's cathedral! column, and arch, and frieze,

Groined roof, and oratory dim,—and low
Long sweeping choral aisles of leaves, where flow
Grand airs, and symphonies, and holy psalms,—
Wind-chants,—and that soft music breezes blow.
These are God's priesthood, lifting holy palms
Of worship to His name, in storm or summer calms.

The moon hath risen, and o'er th' encircling hills
Spreads a vast sheet of glory. Beautiful queen
Of heaven! the earth looks up to thee, and stills
Her numerous voices, as thou sail'st serene
In the blue sky, and through the forest green,
Flingest a million spears of light, that play
In shadowy glades, on mossy trunks, between
The silent leaves, that half believe it day,
But for the purer stillness of the holy ray.

Her light is on the waters; and the sea
Whispers her beauty to his thousand waves,

Where each long silvery ripple lazily
Foldeth white arms around the echoing caves,
Enters the rocky palaces, and laves
Each shell-empurpled floor,—singing a tune
Of glory, ever chanting round the graves
Of manhood and of beauty, lost in their noon:
The brave, the good, the lov'd,—that perished all too soon.

Woods, hills, skies, waters, lovely night, the day's
Effulgence, song of birds, the blush of springs,
The summer shades, the autumn glories, praise
His name, whose praise in heaven each angel sings.
The flowers, the leaves; the wind's great choral strings,
Storm-stricken, tempest-rolling, sobbing, dying,—
All earth, all heaven, and all created things,
Lifting up holy voices; ever crying—
"Glory to thee, O Lord!"—voice unto voice replying.

THE PREACHER.

A preacher dwells within my heart:
He came to me when life was young;
And oft my inmost soul would start
In terror at his iron tongue.

At early morn—in noonday's hour—
In evening shades—at midnight lone—
The voice spake on with growing power—
A ceaseless, everlasting tone.

By day, by night, in calm, or breeze,
By meadows green, or shaded rill,
In crowds, or where the lonely sea's
Voice speaks, his voice is never still.

Sometimes through all the wandering soul,
When paths of God and truth forsaking,
His warning cry will dreadful roll,
Like thunder-peals on mountains breaking.

Sometimes the voice is low and sad,—
A faint and mournful undertone;
Sometimes its words are strangely glad,
When faults are crushed, and sins o'erthrown.

And so, throughout life's chequered way,
By every tumult strangely stirred;
Through every year, through every day,
The tireless preacher still is heard.

A friend, though somewhat stern of tongue;
A mentor, ever at my side;
Too oft misunderstood among
The falsehoods that about me glide.

THE POET.

I saw, in dreams, the poet wander forth
By lonely ways, through deserts wild and wide,
Into the desolate regions of the north,
Cheering with lofty songs the mountain side.
He trod with fearless foot the dreadful steeps,
Where from its wintry bed th' avalanche leaps,
Where mighty rivers, with a thundering fall,
Roar in their joy, and deeps to deeps do call:
Where, dizzy, poising o'er the crumbling ledge,
Wheels the swift eagle round the dangerous edge:
And rushing from their cavernous hiding place,
The wind's fleet coursers strive in furious race.
Of wind, of stream, of caverns deep he sang,

And with his melody the mountains rang;
And rolling clouds, and storms, and deserts wild,
Claimed the bold singer as their best-loved child.

From mountain breasts, and peaks of glittering snow,
He turned his footsteps to a gentler scene,
Where silver streams did through sweet valleys flow,
And the fair earth lay clad in gold and green:
By mossy fountains sparkling in the dell;
Through forest shades, by hermit's lonely cell,
Where beauteous flowers, white, golden, crimson, blue,
Their living glories with such lustre threw,
That primrose pure, and heaven-eyed violet,
Cowslip and bluebell, in a gorgeous net
Of beauty, held the old world prisoner,
Who cared not from such dear embrace to stir.
The green woods lifted leafy branches high,
That kissed their fingers to the laughing sky;
The emerald sea, whose crystal billows lay
Curling their white locks in a golden bay,

Sang on his silvery surges a low song
Of tenderness and sorrow,—did repent
Of the great evil he had worked among
The thousands that from kin and brotherhood went,
To perish in his depths; and would make moan
O'er those for evermore whom he had overthrown.

And from the forest's leafy depths rang out
A voice of song and gladness: the sweet lays
Of wingèd, piping choristers. None may flout
The music of such strains on summer days,
When heaven, and earth, and sea, are all ablaze
With love and light: and beauty and glory dwell
With man for a short season: and the time
Is full of sweetness: and, like a fair well,
Of living water, the rapt heart sublime,
O'erflows with joy, as erst in Eden's prime.

And so, where'er the poet went, he sang:
By lonely rivers: through the solitudes:
The flowing music of his numbers rang

Like sweet bells sounding amid summer woods.
Such magic was there in his mighty lyre,
That while he sang, the silver-voicèd quire
Paused listening, and heard his cadence straight
Strike on the gold bars of the heavenly gate,
Where stood the calm-eyed, reverent seraphim.
The rolling echoes of his noble hymn
Went sounding on through crystal arches clear,
That o'er Life's river angel builders rear.
Oh, river fair! I saw thy blessed stream
Winding amid the bowers—saw the gleam,
Where bend and reach in glittering sunshine lay—
Where flashed the rapids on their silvery way,—
Saw the bright mansions, where the just abide,
Temple and palace, in thy shining tide
Glancing, as in a mirror: heard the strains
Of gladness wafted o'er the heavenly plains:
While the sweet waters on their murmurs bore
The music of his singing evermore.

THE STREET FUNERAL.

Silently, solemnly,
Steadily go!
The dead above,
The living below.
Leisurely, measurely,
Footsteps are falling
Under the coffin;
The sound is appalling!

Weepingly, creepingly,
Sorrowful, dumb,
The chief of the mourners,
All desolate, come.

The friends and relations
By two and two follow;
And their tramp on the pavement
Sounds dreary and hollow.

The folk from their windows
Look out at the show,
At the pall of black velvet,
With fringes of snow,—
At the style of the mourning,
Its fashion and shape,—
The bugles and flounces,—
The broadcloth and crape.

Soothingly, sighingly,
Murmurs the breeze,
With the music of rivers,
And whisper of trees.

The pall on the coffin
Waves out in the wind,
And the noise of its flapping
Is heard from behind.

Droningly, groaningly,
Swingeth the bell,
As floats o'er the meadows
The voice of its knell.
Mournfully floating
O'er meadow and lea—
O'er forest and streamlet—
O'er river and sea.

Rosy-faced children
Hushing their breath,
As silently marches
The pageant of death.

Stupidly staring,
A country-bred loon,
Goes by with his hat on,
And whistles a tune.

Thus rolls on the world
Through its thousands of years,
With laughter and music,
With sorrow and tears;
With tinsel and glitter,
With canker and rust;
Its youth and its beauty,
Its ashes and dust!

Silently, solemnly,
Steadily go!
The dead above,
The living below,
Leisurely, measurely,
Footsteps are falling
Under the coffin:
The sound is appalling!

SABBATH THOUGHTS.

LORD, when I read within thy word of old,
How at thy feet the wandering woman wept,
Thou wilt not in thy pity deem me bold
In thinking that with her I too have crept
Into thy presence: that my tears have swept
With hers, their way into thy holy heart;
And that of them thou hast a memory kept;
And dost unto my soul her peace impart,
Though, all unlike her love, my love hath fallen short.

Like the poor thief, that, dying on the tree,
Whispered into thine ear his humble prayer,
So have I, Lord and Master, cried to thee,
And thou didst in thy pity check despair:
And if not yet I tread those regions fair,

Where glory dwells—where God's fair city lies,—
Where thou dost walk with me Lord, heaven is there;
Though all the path be paved with enemies.
He that on earth walks with thee, walks in Paradise.

For Eden yet surviveth in the soul;
Its bowers immortal, casting fragrant shade,
Still line Life's river, whose fair waters roll,
Murmuring eternal music: many a glade
Bright with unspoken loveliness is seen,
And holy spirits wandering among trees
And flowers: these are the trees of God, whose green
And healing foliage in the blessed breeze
Hangs quivering, whispering heavenly harmonies.

The music of the golden bells of heaven
Floats softly, sweetly, through the radiant air;
And sounds of harpers and their harps come driven
In waves and bursts of glory: psalm and prayer,
Voices, and falling waters, and the swell

Of organs, break and die upon the ear,
In strains that, dreamlike, on the memory dwell:
And hymns of holy children warbled clear,
Echo through that celestial atmosphere.

The voice of God is heard among the trees:
He walks within their leafy shade to bless
The soul that loves him: heaven's own sanctities
Change in a moment life's rude wilderness:
The desert gleams with roses: waters fair
Spring in the thirsty land, and sweetly flow;
The verdure spreads o'er mountains bleak and bare;
And sorrow melts away in joy, for lo!
Where God and man hold converse, heaven is there.

So, Lord, amid the ceaseless storms of life,
My hand in thine, I tread the path with thee;
Nor faint with fear: nor heed the noisy strife:
Nor dread the waves of time's imperious sea.

I dwell in thy pavilion, where unfurled,
Thy golden banner floats along the sky;
And in sweet converse with a holier world,
Thankful and steadfast, hear the storm roll by,—
My anchor Thou, in time, and through eternity.

BY THE SHORE.

HURST CASTLE.

I hear the sounding of the seas;
The noise by many waters made;
The sea-gull's scream, as on the breeze,
He floats through shine and shade:
The rush, the roar, the thundering shock
Of waves assaulting mountain walls;
The hiss of billows round the rock,
That nods, but never falls.
From shingled beach and sandy shore,
The strains of fife and drum.
All mingled with the watery roar,
Along the breezes come,

Merrily sings the mariner,
Under his flapping sail;
Merrily sing the waves, astir,
And dancing to the gale:
Merrily, merrily glides the boat,
Awash with breaking seas;
The sailor shouts from husky throat—
"Hurrah for a spanking breeze!"

The sun shines bright in summer skies,
On sea, and field, and tree,
As when he gladdened other eyes,
That no more gladden me.
As white-winged swans that proudly glide,
The stately vessels pass;
And sun, and sea, and ships, and tide,
I see as in a glass.
Ships glide, winds blow, and sea-birds scream;
The surge breaks on the shore;
I see, and hear, as in a dream;
I care for them no more.

THE BOLDRE BELLS.

'Twas in the Christmas time :
The snow was on the ground :
The Boldre bells in a merry chime,
Sang with a joyful sound—
Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong !

The ringers and the clerk
Stood each with rope in hand :
Loud they sang at the work ;
And the sound went over the land—
Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong !

The good old parson's board
Was crown'd with Christmas store;
And, as he thank'd the Lord,
The bells chimed evermore—
Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong!

Down below in the hall,
The mistletoe was hung:
The maids—John kiss'd them all:
And still the church bells sung—
Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong!

The folk came to the gate;
The priest threw wide his door:
The bells sang to his heart,—
"Never forget the poor!"
Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong!

They drank the Christmas ale,
And caroll'd many a song;
And on the wintry gale
The bells rang clear and strong—
Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong!

The priest sleeps in his grave:
The folk have pass'd away:
But the old Boldre bells
Still ring on a Christmas Day—
Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong!

Oh, beautiful Boldre bells,
So full, so clear, so strong:
My heart within me swells,
At your grand old Christmas song—
Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong!

THE BRAVE NORTH WIND.

The brave north wind was singing cheerly—
Cheerly singing:
The wedding bells were ringing clearly—
Clearly ringing.
From her mother's home, a bride
Went out on life's changeful tide,
As ships on unknown seas may glide.
She went forth with tears and prayer;
True and good she was, and fair:
Low she bent, and kissed the cheek
Of the mother old and weak.

The brave north wind was strongly blowing—
Blowing strongly:
The bride look'd up with tears o'erflowing—
Oh, not wrongly!
Thoughts of one who once was dear,
Memories of a byegone year,
Dim those eyes so bright and clear.
Lips are silent; thoughts are dumb,
As in a wild throng they come.
Childhood's visions, hopes of youth,
Early vows, and broken truth.

Still the brave north wind is singing,
Sweetly, clearly;
Pleasant thoughts to sad hearts bringing,
Boldly, cheerly.
It saith life hath many pleasures,
Many great and lasting treasures,
Many grand and holy measures.

Fear not, oh thou gentle bride,
Though by early sorrows tried;
Be thou loving, patient, true:
Life brings noble work to do.

The brave north wind brings o'er the mountains
And the valleys,
Vigour and health from living fountains
In its chalice.
Thus, from suffering and sorrow,
Strength and fortitude we borrow;
And night is followed by the morrow.
Let the blast blow cold and chill;
March we up Life's rugged hill:
On its summit we shall see
What the Lord will have us be.

THE CHRIST UPON THE WATERS.

He walks upon the waters in his might;
The mark of sorrow on his brow he bears;
The sea is stilled: around him falls the night:
The wind sinks sighing into rest; nor dares
To stir his mantle as he treads the deep;
While underneath his feet the waters sleep.

The night has spread her canopy of cloud
Along the silent heavens; the stars are dim:
Fades the long line of shore where late the crowd,
Stood, trancelike, listening to the words of Him
Who spake as never mortal spake before;
Who spake as mortal man shall speak no more.

So full of love, so mighty, yet so meek,
And sorrowful withal, he treads the sea:
His the deep grief that words may never speak;
A measureless pain, a voiceless agony:
For man thus bent beneath affliction's rod;
Creator, Saviour, Sanctifier, God.

Oh loved of earth and heaven, what words can tell
What thou hast done for man, or man for thee?
For thou dost walk on waves of love, that swell
Beneath thy feet in an unfathom'd sea.
All hearts to thee flow upward, only blest,
When thou dost come to them, and give them rest.

THE SUMMER'S NOON.

Oh, it is sweet in noon's still hour to lie
Low at the foot of some old branching tree;
And gaze through green leaves up into the sky,
That spreadeth out its blue bounds like a sea,
With flying clouds like white ships sailing by.

How cool the shades upon my temples playing;
How soft the breeze that fans my weary brow;
How pure and sweet the flowery odours straying
From yonder fields; how fair this jasmin bough,
That in the wanton wind hangs idly swaying.

On this old gnarled and knotted trunk reclines
The pendent ivy, ever bright and green;
That with its wifely, loving clasp entwines
The rough bark, hiding where time's hand hath been:
Like sweet love rubbing out misfortune's lines.

How green the turf on which I lay my head,
In quiet from the harsh world far away;
Where the pure blue-bell droops its gentle head,
Bending in lowly guise, as if to pray;
Borne down by the great glory round it spread.

And gushing at my feet, a crystal spring
Warbles in murmurs low a gentle hymn:
Each wavelet as it passes seems to sing
In accents sweet, and beautiful, and dim,
Unto the fern-tops nodding o'er its brim.

The fox-glove, the plumed warrior of June,
Waves crimson banners o'er the glassy wave;
Sword-grass and sedges, in the stilly noon,
Their drooping falchions in bright waters lave;
And nought is vocal, save the river's tune.

Here let me lie, leaf-hidden from the day,
Alone, in all the bliss of solitude;—
Far from the strife of tongues;—while round me play
Leaves, waters, the wing'd spirits of the wood;
And fancy's revels hold their witching way.

IN MEMORIAM.

The pleasant glades of Brockenhurst
  Are lying in the sun,
As beautiful as when at first
  They were beheld by one,
Who now in yonder chancel lies,
For ever hid from loving eyes.

The little church, whose modest spire
  Looks out on far off seas,
Glows bright in morning's ruddy fire,
  Half seen, half hid, in trees.
The wild bee murmurs round the wall,
Where light and shade alternate fall.

How calm, how silently here lie
The dead of long ago!
Leaves wave around them, breezes sigh;
Grass ripples, daisies blow.
Their rest untroubled, still, and deep:
In such fair spot 'twere good to sleep.

She sleeps in solemn, holy calm,
Within those hallowed walls:
The music of each Sabbath psalm
About the sleeper falls:
And children's voices, sweet and clear,
Float round her: such she lov'd to hear.

With tears we bore her to her rest;
With tears we laid her low:
The tenderest, purest, kindest, best,
That we on earth shall know:
And left her calmly sleeping there,
Within that sacred house of prayer.

THE WINTRY DAY.

Wet and weary,
Gloomy and dreary,
Cometh the winter's day:
The rain is falling,
The robin is calling
From meadows misty and grey.

Down by the river,
The dead leaves quiver,
To the wind that is mournfully sighing;
Where sedge and rushes,
And alder-bushes,
Weep for the year that is dying.

From barren hedges,
And housetop ledges,
The lonely sparrow flits:
In thorny tangles,
In corners and angles,
The shivering blackbird sits.

The mice are peeping,
The spiders are creeping
Down by the garden wall;
Where rotting, dripping,
The leaves are slipping
Down with a desolate fall.

The winds are blowing,
The rains are flowing
Out of the watery sky;
The trees are waving
Black bare arms, braving
The tempest that sings on high.

The dog is sleeping,
The crickets are cheeping
Close by the kitchen fire;
The flames come creeping,
Merrily leaping,
Leaping higher and higher.

The cat lies licking
Her paws: loud ticking
Comes from the clock on the wall;
The pendulum swinging
To and fro, singing
With measur'd, monotonous call.

Solemnly swinging;
Mournful thoughts bringing
Of times that come back to us never:
For the dead and gone knelling—
Constantly knelling—
Knelling for ever and ever!

Down by the river,

The yellow leaves quiver

To the wind that is wearily sighing;

Where the stream gushes

By willows and rushes,

And mourns for the year that is dying.

VOICES OF THE SEA.

Oh voices of the solemn sea,
That from your echoing cliffs and caves
Are ever sounding: oh ye waves,
Whose million tongues eternally
Converse, as round the world ye go:
Ye billows, that with ceaseless shocks,
Batter the slowly crumbling rocks:
Oh yellow beaches, fring'd with snow,
Where ocean's furious cavalry—
The hoary and impetuous surges—
Sing their everlasting dirges:

Oh winds, whose stormy litany
Doth amid crashing thunders fly—
First mutter'd low in caverns deep;
Then with a wild and madden'd sweep,
Shaking the pillars of the sky:
Oh many voices of the sea—
Of wind, cliff, cavern, wave, and beach:
What is the burden of your speech—
The message that ye bring to me?

Oft, by the gray and lonely sea,
I wander, listening to the roar
Of waters breaking on the shore;
And sometimes think that back to me,
Some voices I have heard before,
Come softly on the startled ear,
Like distant bells, serene and clear,—
Voices that I shall hear no more.

From the wild wilderness of waves,
A Babel of mysterious cries
'Mid clashing waters seems to rise:
As if from their unquiet graves,
A thousand weltering fathoms deep,
Shrouded in weeds, and sand, and shells,
In coral grots or granite cells,
The dead were crying in their sleep.
Again the sea-fight's thunders fly
Round cavern'd cliffs, and cloudy peaks:
Blows fall, and sabres clink, and shrieks,
And oaths, and curses, fill the sky.

Or requiem voices, sweet and low,
Stir the sad music of the sea;
And all the waves that mournful be,
In funeral procession go.
All tenderly they flow and sing
O'er ebon locks and golden hair;
O'er youth and manhood—maiden fair;

Above whose graves may never ring
God's hallow'd, melancholy bells;
O'er whom no soothing prayers were read:
Nor masses sung, nor service said;
For whom with grief old ocean swells,
When, in his caverns deep and lone,
Or moving round his cragged hills,
Remorse his mighty bosom fills,—
And makes an everlasting moan.

These are the messages to me,
From wind, cliff, cavern, wave, and beach:
And such the burden of their speech—
These voices of the gray old sea.

SHAKESPEARE TERCENTENARY.

This day we men of England celebrate,
  Sacred to Shakespeare's memory and fame:
His fame above all others high and great;
  His name a vast imperishable name;
  Worthy of the world's honour and acclaim.
He that so sweetly by the silver stream
  Of Avon sung, that his fair numbers ran
Down through the ages, and still roll supreme:
  His name we sing, who sang the heart of man;
  Who doth of God's great minstrels lead th' immortal van.

His voice along the hoar expanse of time,
Tuneful and solemn, fills our listening ears;
Before us sweeps his pageantry; sublime,
Undimmed, unfaded, by the lapse of years;
Moving all hearts alike to mirth or tears:
Here passion raves, guilt cowers, glory shines,
And virtue drest in fairest garb appears;
Here treason stalks; here love with murder twines;
And life's **fantastic hues light up his mighty lines.**

He sang the mysteries of heaven and earth,—
Stars, mountains, flowers,—of field, and stream,
and tree,—
Portents, and signs, and shapes of wondrous birth,—
And secrets of the wide and pitiless sea.
The universe within him seemed to be
Mirrored, as in a glass, wherein the sky,
The clouds, cliffs, oceans, wild waves rolling free,
Towers, temples, cities,—meet th' enquiring eye—
And ever beauteous scenes before us open lie.

The mightiest master of those mighty chords
That vibrate through the heart of man; the king
Of glorious song,—the bard of bards,—whose words
Flow through the wide world, a perpetual spring
Of wisdom and of beauty,—who can sing
As he, who sang Ophelia, pale and pure;
Of Juliet sweet; of tender Portia's ring;
Of royal Duncan; Macduff's vengeance sure;
Of love than death more strong, and false ambition's lure?

He sleeps in Stratford: ever to his shrine
The wise, the loving, and the reverent come;
With solemn steps they tread the place divine,
Hallowed by Shakespeare's resting place and tomb.
In murmurs low they breathe his name, of whom
The ever-living glory spread afar,
Glimmering above the nations, doth illume
The night of the dead centuries, like a star,
With an increasing brightness time may never mar.

The Pharoahs of the old world grandly lie
In sculptured chamber, or in pyramid,
Whose hoary summit cleaves th' eternal sky,
Awful and lone. Not so is Shakespeare hid;
The sunshine falls around him: what he did,
Brass needeth not, nor marble, to proclaim;
His works are their own monument, amid
The storms and wrecks of ages: his fair name
Brightens and flashes with eternal fame.

THE MOTHER'S GRIEF.

I'm toss'd about with sorrow;
I've had a terrible grief;
I know not where to wander
For comfort and relief.

All in the early morning,
They carried my boy away,
To sleep in a little graveyard,
Where once I saw him play.

I've nothing left of my own boy,
But the clothes he used to wear,
The toys he lov'd to play with,
And this little lock of hair.

I mind me how my own boy
Would come to my chamber door,
And peep through the bedroom curtains,
With face so bright and pure.

I think of the voice of my own boy,
How he made the house to ring:
How he'd thump the old piano,
And fancy he could sing.

I shall never forget my own boy,
How he would caper and talk,
When the maid came down with her
bonnet,
To take him out for a walk.

Last night, as the clock toll'd midnight,
And we were silent all:
I thought he was in the passage:
I thought I heard him call.

It might have been my fancy,
For grief ran wild and high;
But I think it was his angel:
I'm sure the boy was nigh.

I knew that he was sleeping
In a little coffin of grey;
And that holy ones were keeping
Watch there by night and day.

I heard it so distinctly,
I woke up with a start:
It still sounds in my spirit,
And down in the depths of my heart.

They've buried my boy this morning,
Sadly against my will:
Oh, I cannot bear this silence!
I can hear it, it is so still!

And I've nothing left of my own boy,
But the clothes he used to wear,
The toys he lov'd to play with,
And this little lock of hair.

THE GARDEN.

Take thy fill of beauty, soul of mine!
Summer birds are singing;
Feathery star-blooms of the jasmin shine,
Round the porch-way clinging:
Passion-flowers and clematis entwine;
Ivy wantons with the columbine;
Odorous roses crimson rays divine
From green shades are flinging.

Here in calmest beauty let me lie;
Sweetest fancies playing:

Pensive, watching, where along the sky,
Sunset clouds are straying.
With a tinkling sound the wind goes by:
How it rustles in the branches high:
Leaves are softly whispering in reply:
What can they be saying?

Through the lattice, open to the air,
Crimson buds are peeping:
How they flaunt (the little beauties) where
Zephyr comes a'creeping:
With their leafy, graceful fingers fair,
Teaching in dumb language lessons rare,
Fraught with love, and tenderness, and prayer;
Angels, near us keeping.

Flowers in all the glory of their bloom,
In fair borders springing,
Breathe on every wave of air perfume,
Richest odours flinging.

Sportive insects sound their mellow drums :
Loud the wild bee in the thicket hums :
Tipsy, from his golden cups he comes,
Drunk with sweets, and singing.

Through the garden, flashing to the sky,
A bright stream is going :
With a mystic, murmuring melody,
Musically flowing.
On its banks the roses fall and die :
Gold-crown'd lilies in its bosom lie,
Broad leaves rocking as the zephyrs fly,
Pearl-drops o'er them throwing.

Like that calm and primal Eden fair,
Fill'd with heavenly meetness,
Is this quiet place of beauty, where
Time hath lost his fleetness.
Winds and waters breathing music rare :
Green leaves softly murmuring psalm and prayer :
Perfumes scenting all the silent air,
With their dying sweetness.

THE MONUMENT.

'Tis a fair thing, and brave,
To live within the memory of good men,
When thou art gathered to the silent grave;
And nought is left of thee for human ken,
But good deeds done by thee when thou wert here.
Like rosy clouds that float in sunset clear,
So shall they float about thy name, and give
A glory to thee that shall ever live.

There are brave sepulchres,
Laden with many a ton of blatant lies,
That cover up in death the slips and slurs
Of poor humanity. If thou art wise,

Leave the dead braggarts to themselves, and make
Thy tombstone in thy lifetime: thou must take
From every hour its slab of marble pure,
And thus a lasting monument ensure.

Be not in undue haste
For place or power, o'er others to bear rule;
Pride is the devil's drunkenness: one taste
Ere now hath chang'd a wise man to a fool.
He that to Babylonish realms gave laws,
Through pride became a beast, all hair and claws;
And there are now, e'en as in holy writ,
Men who are Nebuchadnezzars every whit.

Each day's appointed task
Meet as it comes, and do it: God gives time
For all these things. Should thy worst enemy ask
Thy kindness, give it: 'tis a thing sublime:
It takes his weapon out of thine own heart,
Stabs him a thousand times in every part;

And, should it fail past friendship to restore,
Makes him more like the devil than before.

Fear nought on earth but sin:
Men are but mortal, place them ne'er so high.
Earth's Babel keeps up a continual din,
And fools of fools unfortunate bargains buy.
Keep thou the Master's footpath, straight and true;
His precepts honour; his commandments do:
Temper thy love to him with reverent awe,
And keep within the circle of his law.

And should'st thou die,
As men have died before thee, all unknown;
And each record of thine existence fly
From memory's ken; the good deeds thou hast done,
These shalt thou leave upon the fields of time;
Fruitful in virtuous life and pure intent;
Thine everlasting, spiritual monument.

THE TAMBOURINE.

My little child of three years old,
Is dancing with a tambourine:
She shakes and flaunts her locks of gold;
She trips, she glides, along the green.
Her little feet how light they spring;
Their tiny prints can scarce be seen:
How sweet the words I hear her sing,—
"My tambourine! my tambourine!"

Oh, happy child, so full of grace;
So gay and gladsome, blithe and free:
With life's young sunshine in thy face;
Thou art a sunshine unto me.
Away she glides, away she trips,
So gaily, lightly, o'er the green;

With happy words from happy lips,—
"My tambourine! my tambourine!"

Her elder sister standing by,
A gentle child with pensive look,
Regards her with a loving eye,
And slowly shuts her picture book.
A smile breaks o'er her features sweet;
Away she bounds across the green,
Pursuing swift on flying feet,
"The tambourine! the tambourine!"

Oh, happy children, full of grace,
How sweet to me your pleasant strain!
My heart runs with you in your race:
You make me well-nigh young again.
Above your heads the cloudlets fly;
Around you wave the branches green;
And still I hear your voices cry,—
"The tambourine! the tambourine!"

THE OLD CHESTNUT TREE.

Under this spreading chestnut shade,
I well remember when,
With happy school-boy lads I played,—
Now wrinkled, bearded men.

With merry shout, and whoop, and call,
We sported o'er the green;
And here with wicket, bat, and ball,
The cricketers were seen.

The quiet houses round the square
Rang with our loud halloo,
As, in the parson's garden fair,
We heard his ring-doves coo.

Here too in morning's hour we came,
With pebbles hard and brown ;
And often, with successful aim,
We brought the chestnuts down.

And sometimes would the squire run out,—
A fat old man was he,
Much curs'd and troubled with the gout,—
And swearing terribly.

In vain ! in vain ! away we went,
Like ships before the wind ;
The squire and his old footman, spent
For breath, lagg'd on behind.

The squire is dead: the footman's gone,
Where he will serve no more;
But the old chestnut tree waves on,
As grandly as of yore.

The stern schoolmaster, lean and tall,
Who bent us to his will,
Is dead, but underneath the wall
The river wanders still.

Oh, wandering ever in the shade,
The pearly Loddon flows,
Where the green alder droops its head,
And the marsh-lily blows.

The master, with his cane and book,
The squire, and footman old,
Have gone, as rain-drops in the brook,
And mingle with the mould.

The wild grass high above them springs,
And withers on their graves ;
And still the pearly Loddon sings,
And the old chestnut waves.

The merry shout is heard no more ;
Hush'd is the schoolboy's cry ;
But still, amid the branches hoar,
The wandering breezes sigh.

MASONIC.

He lives in no vain show whose life is spent
In loving deeds through each revolving day,
Like some fair stream from white-robed mountains sent,
That scatters gladness on its pleasant way.
Each passing moment builds his monument
In masonry that shall endure for aye.
The Architect of this great universe,
Shall to the list'ning heav'ns his fame rehearse.

He seeks not greatness here, nor vain applause;
But spurns the flatterer, meekly bears reproof.
Enough for him t' obey the master's laws,
His work its own reward. He stands aloof

From evil deeds, upholds no shameful cause;
His heart a temple, underneath whose roof,
Wisdom and love,—two massive pillars grand,—
In everlasting strength and beauty stand.

He sees, assisted by that holier ray,
That flows from heaven, his pathway to illume;
The Master's footsteps hallowing all the way,
That leads him to th' inevitable tomb.
Light beams upon the grave: eternal day
Shines through its portals, dissipates the gloom;
Revealing from the glorious realms afar,
The rising of the bright and morning star.

In level steps, square conduct, deeds upright,
True words, and holy thoughts, each day to spend;
To struggle ever upwards to the light;
Kind to the thankless, faithful to the friend,—

Obedient, humble, valiant for the right;
By worthiest ways to win each worthy end;
To raise the fallen, succour the distrest,—
He blesses all, and is in blessing, blest.

Oh, morning star! deliverer, master, lord!
Before whom thrones, dominions, glories, fall:
Throughout the boundless universe adored:
To Thee, the faithful and obedient call.
Guide us in walk and action, thought and word;
Till, summoned upward from this earthly ball,
We to those blest abodes triumphant rise,
Where Thy fair temple glitters in the skies.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

As in bed the children lay,
  Suddenly they brake out singing,
For they said 'twas Christmas Day,
  And they heard the bells a'ringing.

With great love my heart was stirred
  Unto God, such blessings granting:
So, methought, the shepherds heard
  Once, the blessed angels chanting.

Thus I lay awake, and found
Grateful tears my vision dimming;
While I listened to the sound,
Of the little children hymning.

Then to God I breathed a prayer,
While the merry bells were ringing,
That He would unite us, where
All the saints His love are singing.

THE DEAR OLD HOME.

And so the old home is broken up, the dearly lov'd
old home!
The gathering place for the wanderers, who now
abroad may roam:
The home of our pleasant childhood, where life's
best days were pass'd;
The kind old home, the dear old home, is broken up
at last.

There is silence in the passage, there is mildew on
the wall,
In the once well-dusted corners, the hoary spiders
crawl;
The shutters are in the window, and, creeping along
the floor,
A sunbeam stirs the darkness, brooding there for
evermore.

Come softly up the staircase; softly! as upon the
day
When, in his oaken coffin, our loving father lay:
Come softly up, and tenderly, and with a solemn air:
Come softly up, and tenderly, as if the dead were
there.

Come softly up the staircase; as, when our mother lay,
Drest out for death's long bridal; hands cross'd, as
if to pray:—

When the open hand, the loving heart, all quiet lay
and chill;
Oh God! I cannot bear it! how her memory haunts
me still.

This is the bedroom where they slept, the place
wherein they died;
Enough! thank God that even now they're sleeping
side by side:
Up in the lonely Litten field, all lovingly they rest:
They could not dwell for ever here; and God knows
what is best.

Come, let us leave the room, and seek the attic
chamber high;
Where the linden waves its leaves between the
window and the sky:
'Twas here we kept our books and toys; 'twas here
the children slept;
'Twas here we quarrell'd, here we kiss'd, played,
shouted, laugh'd, and wept.

Here, in the early morn of life, my student hours
were pass'd;
And hopes, all beautiful, were formed, too beautiful
to last:
Here, by the taper's glimmering light, and in the
morning's grey,
I wove the tale, and thought the thought, and sung
my youthful lay.

The dear old room is empty now, but on its silent
walls,
The sunset glory comes and goes, and the evening
shadow falls:
The rain-drops rattle on the roof; the lattic'd window
high,
Gleams in the golden sunshine, as in the days gone by.

And see, where sad and desolate, the lonely garden
lies;
Methinks, if he were living, how 'twould sadden
father's eyes;

The weeds are over the border, the trees drop from
the wall,
The flowers are dead and drooping, and the wither'd
branches fall.

How well can I remember when the autumn fruit was
ripe,
How under the trees our father came, to smoke his
quiet pipe,
How we would cluster round him for his wise and
pleasant talk,
With a kindly nod to mother, as she saunter'd in the
walk.

And the pleasant Christmas gatherings we'll never
now forget,
Though we shall never meet again, at least as once
we met:

The wine may sparkle in the light, wit flash, and
laughter roar:
There's an empty place within our hearts, empty for
evermore.

For the dear old home is broken up, the dearly lov'd
old home,
The gathering place for the wanderers, who now
abroad may roam:
The home of our pleasant childhood, where life's best
days were pass'd,
The kind old home, the dear old home, is broken up
at last.

THE RUSSIAN GUN.

Iron monster, grim and gory,
Frowning, scowling, where the trees,
Clad in summer's greenest glory,
Wanton with the passing breeze.

Little children, round about thee
Sport and gambol through the day,
Careless or to please or flout thee,
In their merry, merry play.

Gaily shouting, dancing, singing
Pleasant songs of cheerful note,
And their yellow pebbles flinging
Deep into thine iron throat.

When the summer sunset ruddy,
Fires and gilds the western sky,
Comes a sunbeam, red and bloody—
Red and bloody—passing by.

Comes a blood-red sunbeam, flitting
Swiftly from the crimson clouds,—
War's fierce-flaming emblem, fitting
Thee, thou thing of graves and shrouds.

Comes a blood-red sun-beam, flitting
From the dead day's funeral pyre;
On thy stern old muzzle sitting,
Like a spark of golden fire.

Grim old foe, dost thou remember
Balaklava's deadly plain?
That Sebastopol September,
With its ghastly heaps of slain?

Tell us, Russian, didst thou bellow
O'er the field of Inkerman?
Hast thou slain some gallant fellow
In the trenches—the Redan?

Say, if on that day of glory,
Boomed thy thunder's fatal knell,
Where the dead lay gash'd and gory,
Where the brave Mackinnon fell?

Didst thou speak on Alma's river,
Or on Eupatoria's height,
Or where sunbeams glance and quiver,
In Tchernaya's waters bright?

Thing of blood, and death, and sorrow ;
Despot's minion, mankind's foe ;
Say, oh when shall come that morrow,
War shall cause no tears to flow ?

In thy blacken'd throat, the swallow
And the robin soon shall build ;
And that murderous gloomy hollow,
Be with leaves and rubbish fill'd ;

Ivy creepers round thee clinging,
Shall with wanton windlets play ;
Children's happy voices, singing
Through the pleasant summer day.

This, the last of all thy stations :
Here, on this sequester'd green,
Stay, and to the generations,
Tell what fools their sires have been.

THE UNBIDDEN GUEST.

In such an hour
  As when on the old world God's vengeance fell;
When the primeval ocean rose in power,
  Submerging tower and temple; when the yell
Of the affrighted nations tore the skies;
  And angels listened to creation's knell.
Fair broke the radiant morn on radiant eyes;
Flowers brightened in the sunlight; in each wood
The leaves were dancing to the zephyr's call;

The wild birds sang in each sweet solitude :
Nought was there that earth's children might appal :
They ate, they drank, they builded : but the flood
Came in a moment, and destroyed them all :—

In such an hour,
As when th' avenging angel Egypt smote,
And shattered in a moment Pharaoh's power ;
Fear knocked at every heart : the mourner's note
Went up from every house, for death was there.
Down the broad Nile swept many a funeral boat,
Bearing its sheeted dead—the young, the fair—
So lately mingling in the world's gay stir ;
Now tenants of the lonely sepulchre :—

In such an hour,
As when on Sodom and Gomorrah came
The blazing anger, in sulphureous shower,
Wrapping each dwelling in a shroud of flame ;

The impious scoffers at th' Eternal Name
Lay lock'd in careless slumbers, still and deep,
And knew not, dreamt not, that their guilt and shame
Had waken'd heaven; till, rous'd from folly's sleep,
They saw around them ruin's red and fiery heap :—

In such a night,
As on that Babylonish festival,
When proud Belshazzar saw God's fingers write
His mystic doom along the gilded wall:
That night the cry for mercy peals in vain:
The Persian thunders at the gates; they fall;
The streets are sprinkled with a bloody rain;
Blows, shrieks, and curses, echo through the hall;
And Chaldea's king lies bleeding, gash'd, and slain :—

So will He come,
Whose right it is to reign, supremely blest;
Not with the warrior's pomp, and sounding drum,
But king of kings, and lord of lords, confest;

Sudden as lightning leaping from the West.
A moment: and the dreadful trump of doom
Shall shake th' astonish'd earth, and wake from rest
The holy dead, long slumbering in her breast:
A moment: and the marriage song is mute:
Love's burning lay is hush'd: the broken lute
Falls from the minstrel's hand; his voice is dumb:
The red wine flashes amid flowers and fruit
In vain; for the Unbidden Guest has come!

MY PLEASANT ROOM.

Come into my pleasant room,
All is calm and silent there;
Flow'rs of delicate perfume,
Breathe out sweetness on the air.

Pictures hang along the wall,
Beauteous to the thoughtful eye;
Pleasant memories to recall,
Of the scenes no longer nigh.

On the mantle-piece behold
Wondrous fossils, rarest shells,
Gathered from the realms of old,
And the heaving ocean-swells.

Glittering 'neath a crystal dome,
India's snow-white coral stands,
Like a frozen wreath of foam,
Hither brought by fairy hands.

Daylight through the window streams,
Bathing in its golden dyes
Minerals, flinging varied gleams,
From a thousand diamond eyes.

Art thou weary? Here is rest:
Silently these curtains close;
See, this sofa's downy nest,
Woos thee softly to repose.

Lov'st thou music's soothing balm ?
The piano open stands :
Thou shalt have, in song or psalm,—
Strains that flow from spirit lands.

Books are nigh thee, would'st thou hold
Converse with earth's mightiest kings ;
Milton pours his thoughts of gold,
Thomson warbles, Cowper sings.

Science, on its wings sublime,
Bears thee o'er the waste of years,
Sweeps the farthest bounds of time,
Reads the language of the spheres.

Gliding by on noiseless wings,
In majestical array,
Heroes, poets, martyrs, kings,
Ever keep their solemn way.

More than all, the word of truth,
On the table open lies;
Guide alike to age or youth,
Pledge of glory in the skies.

Brother, with life's burdens tried,
Cast aside thy thoughts of gloom;
Come, and leave the world outside;
Come into my pleasant room.

FLAXPOOL STREAM.

Through the meadow softly flowing,
Flowing softly as of yore;
Ever onward, onward going
By its grassy verdant shore.

Every little wavelet glancing,
Pure and bright in morning's ray;
In the sun's broad noon-tide dancing;
By the moonlight still at play.

Reed and rush about it growing,
Grasses bending from the shore,
Strive in vain to stay its flowing;—
Flowing, flowing, evermore.

Streamlet, with the mellow music,
Rippling o'er thy pebbly bed,
Let me rest awhile beside thee,
Musing on the moments fled.

Here, in life's young day I wandered;
Life's young season, sweet and fair;
Golden moments, lightly squandered,
All untouch'd with earthly care.

Here, with many a school companion,
I have often loved to stray;
Here, we pluck'd the pleasant wild-flow'rs,
Flow'rs as lightly toss'd away.

Here we heard the school-bell ringing;
Call for studies dull and dry;
Then with laughing, shouting, singing,
Off the merry troop would fly.

Early memories cluster round thee,
Streamlet, flowing soft and free;
Love by its own spell hath bound thee:
Thou art very dear to me.

Forms and features once familiar
From thy bosom seem to start:
Tender words and loving voices
Sounding sweetly in my heart.

Sadly down the murmuring river,
See the fairy dream is fled;
And the streamlet singeth ever,
"Some are chang'd, and some are dead."

Through the meadow softly flowing,—
Flowing softly, as of yore;
Ever onwards, onwards, going
By its grassy verdant shore:
Singing from its pebbly bed.
"Some are chang'd, and some are dead."

THE LOST MINERS.

HARTLEY COLLIERY.

Down went they to the dark and dreary mine,
Those patient sons of labour; nobler far
Than many on whose lordly brows do shine
Mitres, and crowns, and laurels gain'd in war.
With bloodless weapons, mattock, pick, and bar,
They, lowly, toiled a hundred fathoms deep,
In blackest darkness, soften'd by no star
Save duty; where the earth's old monsters sleep,
Where silence ever dwells, and poisonous vapours creep.

And suddenly a mighty sound was heard,
As down the deep dark shaft the ruin fell,
And buried them for ever. Then was stirred
Within them all their manhood, as the knell
Of their own death broke on them like a bell
That calls unto the funeral. Some wept
A few sad tears for those they loved so well,
But never more should see. Some slowly crept
Apart, and with their God a close communion kept.

Some of them had high natures, grand and calm;
Lovely and pleasant in their lives. Their name
Sounds like the echo of some far-off psalm
Wafted to heaven. Yet all unknown to fame,
They liv'd—they toil'd—till that dread moment came,
Striking the world with horror. These unbent
To help the weaker sort,—their noble aim
To cheer the drooping, while their strength they lent,
To break th' imprisoning doors of that grim monument.

Vainly they toil'd; the weary days sped on:
Hope fainter grew, and deepen'd to despair:
Brother on brother look'd, parent and son
Fell on each other's breast, no more to share
In the dear home-joys well remember'd there;
Wives, children, sweethearts, sisters, friends, and foes,
Shut out for ever: the rank poisonous air
Crept slowly round their hearts, and mock'd their woes
With deadly sleep, presaging deadlier close.

Then, from that stricken host, the words of pray'r,
Holy and fervent, wing'd their solemn way,
Up, through the dark mine's dense and murky air;
Up, through those hundred fathoms deep that lay
Above their doom'd heads; through the sparkling day,
And broad warm sunlight to the topmost skies:
Words, mighty words, as men alone can pray
When on faith's strongest wing the soul doth rise,
All quivering with unspoken agonies.

Then silently they laid them down to die,
Rank after rank, as when they stood in pray'r;
One sacred name upon their lips. One sigh,
Perhaps, they breath'd for the lost daylight fair;
Then check'd the thought, for was not heaven's gate there?
Did not the smiter soothe them as they wept,
And bid them trust their lov'd ones to his care?
Thus cheer'd, they folded humble hands, and slept;
And through the mine a strain of angel-music swept.

Theirs the long sleep that knows not waking: tears
For such a fate have delug'd all the land:
Kind eyes have wept for them. In after years,
When the bright blaze we pile with stintless hand,
Their sorrow shall our meed of grief demand:
Nor do we give our tears alone; our gold
Flows with our tears, to aid that helpless band;
The ashes of whose silent hearth are cold;
For whom all hearts are sad when their sad tale is told.

THE MISER.

He goeth up and down the street;
His face is yellow and old;
He doth not little children greet;
The devil hath got him—hands and feet:
This man is bought and sold.

His face is yellow, and lean, and sad;
He hath a stony eye;
He walketh about but meanly clad:
His fingers are working, as if he had
Some inward agony.

His frame is weary; his back is bow'd;
His head is cover'd with snows;
He moveth quickly through the crowd;
And heareth curses, deep, not loud,
Attend him as he goes.

He walketh about, he hath no rest,
Through the weary, weary day;
There's a terrible weight upon his breast:
For ever and ever he feareth, lest
His riches should fly away.

The fingers of his long, lean hand,
They are but gristle and bone;
They clutch at money, and house, and land:
His tears, if any, are drops of sand;
His heart is nothing but stone.

He seeth the little ones at play,
This man, so wicked and old;
And from the sight he turneth away:
He hath one only prayer to pray,—
"Gold! gold! the yellow gold!"

HOLY GHOST CHAPEL.

Ruins old and hoary ;
Ruins calm and gray ;
Stripp'd of all your glory,
Sinking in decay.
Midnight shades are creeping
Round your summits hoar ;
Midnight winds are sweeping,
With a sullen roar,
Where the dead lie sleeping,
Sleeping evermore.

Fitful moonbeams shining,
Through yon drifting cloud;
Where each form reclining,
Sleepeth in its shroud;
Where the worn and weary,
Softly, sweetly, rest
In the great earth's bosom,
Folded to her breast.

Ruins old and hoary;
Ruins calm and gray;
Emblems of man's glory,
Fading fast away.
Still in silence keeping
Solemn watch and ward,
Over thousands sleeping,
Waiting for their Lord.

Sacred thoughts and tender,
Ye ever bring to me;

Watching o'er the lost ones
I no more shall see.
Oh, silent, lonely ruins!
Still your blessed influence shed,
On the living souls that sorrow,
And the sleepers with the dead.

BASING CASTLE.

See yonder walls with mantling ivy crown'd,
Where ancient Basing's stately castle flings
Dark solemn shades, that flit from mound to mound;
Where the rank nettle blooms, and woodbine clings;
Mocking the pride of war, and pomp of kings.
The bending grass waves sadly to the wind,
That evermore its wailing requiem sings;
Beech, elm, and oak, with drooping ash entwin'd,
Half veil those stern old towers, to time and death consign'd.

Those mouldering walls, still frowning to the sky,
Speak of the scenes all faded now and o'er:
Of war's rude trump, the battle's stirring cry,
The shock of arms, the cannon's horrid roar;
Of things that have been, and shall be no more:
And save from singing bird, and rustling tree,
And wall-flowers waving on their summits hoar,
And now and then a lonely man like me,
The silence that is there, for ever there shall be.

And yet, how calm and beautiful they stand,
Sublime and tender in their long decay;
While time, himself, with softly lingering hand,
Throws many a charm on their declining day,
In clinging leaves, and clustering mosses grey.
And sweet and slow beneath their solemn shade,
The quiet creeping river wends its way;
Whose sloping banks in varied hues array'd,
Throughout th' unceasing years alternate bloom and fade.

Ah! who shall say how many a stately form
Lies sleeping here, in war's unhallow'd grave;
And hearts that once with glory's fires were warm,—
No eye to weep for them, no hand to save,—
Have here gone down beneath oblivion's wave?
Peace to their shades! we will not be severe;
For all have err'd, and all must mercy crave:
Roundhead, and Ironside, and Cavalier,
Have fought out all their fights—will quarrel no more here.

LADY MARY.

Lady Mary! Lady Mary!
She is not very tall;
She's a queen among the fairies,
And the fairest of them all.

Lady Mary! Lady Mary!
Her voice is sweet and low,
Like the tones of that spirit-music,
That through a dream will flow.

Lady Mary! Lady Mary!
She hath a tiny hand;
More warm and white, more soft and
light,
Than any in the land.

Lady Mary! Lady Mary!
Sweet is the light of her eyes;
Sweet and bright as stars of night,
Glittering through the skies.

Sweet and bright as stars of night,
That shine in skies above;
They swim, they droop, they languish,
In atmospheres of love.

I can hear you, Lady Mary,
As you sing that pleasant strain;
But your syren tongue shall never,
Never torture me again.

Lady Mary! Lady Mary!
There's a rainbow in the air;
Like you, my Lady Mary,
As bright, as false, as fair.

Shake your ringlets, Lady Mary,
From snowy neck and brow;
Sweetly f'aunting in the sunshine,
They're nothing to me now.

"ECCE HOMO."

His brow is crown'd with thorns, and redly pearl'd
With crimson drops of woe: that falling tear
Bespeaks an agony that spares the world:
His weary hands a mimic sceptre bear:
His eyes are lifted upwards as in prayer:
His lips are parted, as if they would speak
Words of eternal tenderness: his hair
Hangs torn and bloody, in the cruel freak
Of those rude murderers for whom his heart must break.

A crowned King—a sceptred God; he stands
Girt with a royal purple robe: his foes
Bend with mock loyalty: their shameless hands
Smite him upon the face: around him close
The murder-seeking crowds, that mock his woes
With pitiless clamour: above him swells the cry
Of the rude, raging multitude, and those
Stern priests who lead them, yelling to the sky—
"Away with him! away with him to die!"

Oh King! upon thy head are many crowns:
Thy sceptre rules with universal sway:
The cross, the scourge, the shame, the bigot frowns
Of priestly hatred, all have pass'd away.
Thy kingdom stands for ever: no decay
Shall mark its course, as endless ages flow;
No cloud shall mar its everlasting day.
Upon thy head are many crowns, but lo!
Brightest and best, oh King, thy thorny crown of woe.

WHAT KATIE WANTS.

If I were a little angel,
  Oh whither, whither would I go,
With my robes of white, and wings of light,
  And locks like the drifted snow?

I would fly, oh, I would fly
  Up to the walls of heaven;
Where the trumpets ring, and the harpers
    sing,
  And sins are all forgiven.

All the angels at the gate
Would pleasantly look on me;
I should love them all, but most of all,
My little brother to see.

I should not care for the pearly walls,
Nor stay in the golden street;
I should wander, wander about
My little brother to meet.

I should go to the golden throne,
My little brother to see,
Where Jesus dwells, where the music swells,
'Tis there my brother will be.

My brother's a little angel
In heaven: so far away:
But I think he'll wait at the golden gate
To welcome me, some day.

THE COMPANION.

Walk with Him, who, along life's devious way,
Seeks thy companionship, thy steps to lead
In the fair path to realms of endless day;
Always thy friend: most so in times of need.

Walk with Him, through the flowery paths of time,
While youth's bright visions beam along the road;
Salute Him with fair manhood's golden prime;
Give Him thine heart: it shall be well bestowed.

Walk with Him, when the storms of life shall fly
In blackest wreaths around thy shrinking head;
When thunders crash along the frightened sky;
Keep but thy hand in His: be not afraid.

Walk with Him, when temptations fierce and strong,
With mightiest force thy trembling soul assail:
Make Him thy strength: so shall the conqueror's song
Wake joyful echoes through the treacherous vale.

Walk with Him at all times, in storm or calm;
In fields, in cities, by the lonely sea:
So shall thy life roll on like a great psalm;
And thou shalt walk well, if He walk with thee.

MARY'S GRAVE.

The night is cold and dreary,
The wind is wild and high,
And the turf on my dear Mary
Lies glinting to the sky.

Dead leaves are round me flying,
On winter's icy breath;
But my dead hopes are lying
With Mary underneath.

The moon is gliding slowly
Along the troubled sky;
The stars, all calm and holy,
Look from their mansions high.

The cloud, that slowly creepeth
Between the moon and sea,
Flings shade where Mary sleepeth:
Oh Mary, speak to me!

Oh, Mary! Mary! Mary!
If I could only hear
Thy voice within my spirit,
Life were not quite so drear.

The night is cold and dreary,
The wind is wild and high,
And the turf on my dear Mary
Lies glinting to the sky.

MY MOTHER.

Oh mother, ever dear!
Fondly remember'd here;
Though in thy distant grave so calmly sleeping:
Sweet be thy lowly rest,
On my dead father's breast:
God have thee, mother, in His holy keeping.

Memory calls back the day;
'Twas in the month of May;
Sweet was the scent of wild-flow'rs on the air;
Above our heads the trees
Bent in the morning breeze:
Birds sang, and bees were humming everywhere.

The golden sun-beams glow'd,
As happily we rode,
The widow, and the son that held her dear;
The pony's clattering heels,
The rumbling of the wheels,
Still sound within my heart, and strike on memory's ear.

We scarcely dared to speak,
For thou wert frail and weak,
And God had ta'en thine earthly prop away;
And both our hearts were full,
But ah! love was not cool;
Heart spoke to heart when lips no word could say.

Thou hadst come to thy son,
To shady Lymington,
Once more to fold his children to thy breast,
Soothing thy soul with love;
And like a wounded dove,
That cometh home, all silently, to rest.

The dear ones round thee came,
Lisping thy holy name,
Kissing thy pale face, clustering round thy knee;
Moved with a tender fear,
As down thy cheek a tear
Would sometimes trickle, slowly, silently.

And many days flew by,
Beneath that summer sky,
As lovingly we wander'd through the fields;
And in each lingering walk,
Would of our lost ones talk,
And those celestial hopes religion yields.

Days swiftly speeding past,
Brought us unto the last,
When love and sorrow mix'd a cup of pain:
A kiss from thy dear lips,
And then, oh dark eclipse!
A night, o'er which no morn shall rise again.

A wild and stormy morn,
Dark news unto me borne;
News that broke down my heart, and bow'd my head;
My heart became as stone;
They said that thou wert gone:
Aye, gone indeed! dear mother; thou wert dead.

A hoary temple stands
Crowning the ancient lands
Of the lone 'Litten,' where she lies asleep:
And from its sacred walls,
A solemn shadow falls,
Where by her lowly grave her children weep:

She lying silent there,
Her dreamless rest to share
With the dead father slumbering below;
Close to the faithful breast,
That, living, gave her rest;
While flow'rets bloom, birds sing, and breezes blow.

Oh, mother, ever dear,

Fondly remembered here,

Though in thy distant grave so calmly sleeping;

Sweet be thy lowly rest,

On my dead father's breast:

God have thee, mother, in his holy keeping!

A SKETCH.

An old man in the house of God,
With scanty hair and gray;
One who had travelled long and far
On life's returnless way.

Full many a tale of anxious thought
Lay written on his brow;
His back, by years of labour bent,
With toil at spade and plough.

His hands, with swelling wrinkles seam'd,
Were bony, hard, and brown,
And from the top of the chapel pew
Were idly hanging down.

His coat, once black, but threadbare now,
Hung loosely o'er each limb,
As he gazed upon the preacher's face,
With fading eye, and dim.

He looked as weary, and sad, and old,
As only the wretched can:
In all the congregation, none
Pitied that poor old man.

There were feathers, jewels, chains of gold,
And fashions rich and new,
And costly robes worth sums untold,
Shining in every pew.

You might have gone through all to seek
The jewel that there should be,
Of the spirit that quiet is, and meek
With a blessed humility.

The old man open'd his eyes at prayer,
And all their bravery spied,
And thought of Bunyan's "Vanity Fair,"
And of One that was crucified.

The preacher's voice hath ceas'd; and now,
With fashion's simpering smile,
The feathers and jewels with many a bow,
Come sweeping down the aisle.

And very thankful they are that day,
So piously to feel
That he is a poor old man, and they
Are excessively genteel.

THE RIFLE CALL.

Hark! the notes of yonder bugle
Clearly, sweetly fall:
Up, from early breakfast frugal,
Start the Rifles all:
Wives are left with kiss conjugal:
'Tis the "Rifle Call."
Tra-li-ra!
Tra-li-ra-li-ra!

Clearly, cheerly, in the morning,
Heard in hut and hall,
Sound the bugler's notes of warning:
Sharp and clear they fall.
Death defying, danger scorning,
Sounds the "Rifle Call,"
Tra-li-ra!
Tra-li-ra-li-ra!

In the morning sunshine glory,
Stands the bugler tall;
O'er the town, so old and hoary,
Over house and wall;
With a brazen, clanging roar, he
Sounds the "Rifle Call,"
Tra-li-ra!
Tra-li-ra-li-ra!

Over-head the echoes flying,
Warlike themes recall;
Wafting, floating, quivering, dying,
As to earth they fall:

River, forest, hill, replying
To the "Rifle Call."
Tra-li-ra!
Tra-li-ra-li-ra!

Blow then, bugler, bid them gather;
Soldiers, freemen, all:
Than be slaves to despots, rather
Will we fight and fall.
"Gather, gather, gather, gather!"
Says the "Rifle Call."
Tra-li-ra!
Tra-li-ra-li-ra!

After-days shall tell the story,
How at honour's call,
Men, whose heads will then be hoary,
Came from hut and hall,
For the dear old English glory,
To the "Rifle Call."
Tra-li-ra!
Tra-li-ra-li-ra!

THE WITNESSES.

Christ's witnesses: they lie
In forests lone, in dreary deserts wide,
In valleys green, on snow-crown'd mountains high,
In rivers, and beneath the ocean tide;
Where tempests bellow, and where breezes blow;
Where woodlands wave, and rippling waters flow.
Murder'd, gash'd, drown'd, from precipices hurl'd;
God's precious seed, sown broadcast o'er the world.

Some have gone down in battle ; some have wept
In dungeons : some have vanished in the flames
Of martyrdom to heaven : and some have slept
In holy graves and quiet. A few names
Gleam with a terrible brightness ; sword and fire
Encircling them with glory, grander, higher,
Than the material panoply of kings,
Or the heroic deeds the martial minstrel sings.

Some have been slain in caverns : some from rocks
Dash'd down and torn with many a ghastly wound,
Dying in bitter anguish : some in flocks—
Mother and daughter, father and children, bound ;
On bloody spear-point driv'n into the wave
That swept them onward to an ocean grave :
And some on wheels and torturing racks were strung ;
On gibbets rotting, and on crosses hung.

Oh traveller ! think, the dust beneath thy feet,
Or by the summer windlets spread abroad ;

By rivers lone, in busy mart, or street
Of crowded city, may have been the blood
Of those who suffer'd, smil'd, rejoic'd, and wept,
And in the face of death allegiance kept,
Faithful to home and altar, God and truth;
For whom had prince no pity, priest no ruth;
For whom all heaven with joyful triumph rang,
Its portals opening with a golden clang,
As passing up from dungeon, rack, and flame,
These more than kings, these more than victors, came.

Know then, oh man, where'er thy feet may tread,—
By business driven, or by pleasure led,—
That e'en in dust the poet's fancy sees
The mute memorials of the Witnesses:
God's dust; that flies impalpable and white;
Respect it, man! 'tis precious in His sight.

THE GIFT OF SONG.

If thou would'st ask a goodly gift,
To make thee great and strong,
That shall thy soul o'er folly lift,
Ask thou the gift of song.

If thou would'st fain inscribe thy name
In honour's glittering roll,
Ask thou the poet's heart of flame,
And sympathetic soul.

Then shall thy words with trumpet tone
Be heard in hut and hall,
Scaring the tyrant on his throne,
Cheering the captive thrall.

And onwards, through all coming days,
Thy glorious strains shall fly;
The music of thy stirring lays
Shall never, never die.

Prince, priest, and warrior, one by one,
Shall dwell in sordid dust;
And swords, now glittering in the sun,
In damp and darkness rust.

And ruin'd palace, temple, tower,
Frown stately to the sky;
And creeping moss, and clustering flower,
Mark where the mighty lie.

Sceptres and diadems shall fade,
Race after race decline;
But round the poet's sacred head,
Shall endless glory shine.

O'er the weird passions of the soul,
Thy sceptred song shall sway;
While th' unceasing ages roll,
On their eternal way.

Oh, tuneful soul, be true, be strong,
Spurn thou the lust of gain;
And know thou that a true heart's song,
Is never sung in vain.

"WHERE IS THINE HIDDEN CHAMBER?"

"Where is thine hidden chamber—where?"
Immanuel, hear Thy people crying.
Is it in some far region of the air,—
Higher than poor souls may dare
To think of flying?
Is it begirt with ever-circling clouds,
Where thickest darkness shrouds
The face Divine from angels' eyes?
Or underneath the starry rainbow throne,
The glorious Bridegroom lies,

Where life's sparkling fountain springs,
And music of celestial tone
Flows forth from golden strings?
Is't there beneath o'erarching wings
Of reverent seraphim,
He hears in dreams divine the hymn
Each saint to His glory sings;
And listens, as along the crystal walls
Each white-rob'd watcher to his fellow calls,
Waiting till the Lord shall wake,
And to Himself His kingdom take?

Lone, weary, and oppress'd,
The church lifts up her voice: Thy bride
Through deserts wandering far and wide;
The way is dreary, and she longs for rest:
See, her bleeding feet
Leave in her path a crimson tide,
Reddening the desert as she hastes to meet
Him, for whose dear love she sighs:—

But ah, He sleeps!
He answers not her call; and the world keeps
High carnival; rejoicing in her woes.
Oh King and Lord, awake, arise, and close
Her agonies!

In dungeons drear,
Lord, hear the prisoners sighing,
Who for Thy dear sake are dying:
Sharp and clear
Bid the great jubilee trumpet blow;
And to and fro
Send its glad music through the wide world flying.
Break down the prison walls, and bring
Deliverance to the captives in them lying;
Strike off their chains, and bid them sing
High praises unto Thee, their glorious King.

Lord, hear the mournful calling
Of Thine afflicted children dear:

Hearts are broken, tears are falling:
Wipe each falling tear:
The world's yoke is harsh and galling;
Souls are weak; temptation presses;
Life is full of deep distresses:
Jesus, Saviour, hear!

ALMOST HOME!

Life's sands are slowly falling;
Solemn voices dimly calling:
Mortal tides are ebbing, dying:
Mother, 'tis no time for sighing.
Almost home! almost home!

Calm and clear the daylight falls,
On the silent, dreamy walls:
Calm and slow the evening gray,
Cometh in the room to say—
"Almost home! almost home!"

Round me earthly things are fading;
Death's dark wings are overshading:
I am very faint and weary;
Dark the way is, dark and dreary:
Almost home! almost home!

Calmly o'er th' eternal tide,
Slowly, silently, I glide:
Hush! and hearken, mother dear:
Angels whisper in my ear—
"Almost home! almost home!"

Almost home, the mariner
Gazeth out upon the land:
Joy is in his heart, to hear
Voices murmuring from the strand—
"Almost home! almost home!"

Mother! see, the day declines;
I shall need its light no more:

When the morrow's sunbeam shines,
I shall tread fair Eden's shore:
Almost home! almost home!

Weep, dear mother! yet thy sorrow
Shall be calm and low to-morrow:
Loving sons to thee are given—
Some on earth; one soon in heaven:
Almost home! almost home!

FADING FLOWERS.

Beautiful flowers, so swiftly fading;
Shining so sweetly in valley and glen;
Springing in glory, where trees are shading;
Visions of heaven vouchsafed to men.
Climbing the steep and lofty mountain,
Clothing with garlands each verdant hill,

Bending over each crystal fountain,
Lining the margin of river and rill:
Oh, sweet is your presence
By stream and river;
Would ye might blossom
And shine for ever!

Are ye not fading, and fading fast;
Bending down in sorrow and death?
Your blossoms, scatter'd afar on the blast,
Are filling the breeze with their dying breath.
Ye are fading away in your beauty and glory,
For spring hath vanish'd, the summer had wings,
The autumn dieth, the year grows hoary,
The swallow is leaving, the north wind sings.
Tenderly mourning,
The wind and the river
Talk of your sweetness,
For ever and ever.

Through the forest the rumour is flying;
Pale the leaves will grow at the news:
The gray old oak like a prophet is sighing;
His boughs are heavy and weeping with dews.
The sunbeam slanteth; the day it waneth;
The lark and blackbird are musing alone;
The thrush it mourneth; the linnet complaineth;
Tenderly maketh the wind its moan.

Tenderly mourning,
The wind and the river
Talk of your sweetness,
For ever and ever.

Ferns are tipt with a golden yellow;
Heavily hangs each feathery plume;
Gone are the leaves of the purple mallow;
Gone are the glories of heather and broom:
Dog-rose gleams with a crimson berry;
Chestnuts down from their branches fall;

The hawthorn lifts up its mimic cherry;
Clèmatis slides from the garden wall.
Tenderly mourning,
The wind and the river
Talk of the flowers,
For ever and ever.

For you is the bright sun desolate;
He veileth his face in a dusky pall;
The crimson clouds, through his crystal gate,
Mournfully float to the funeral.
Like a troubled saint, the vain earth scorning,
Glides the moon through her sorrowing spheres;
The stars they weep till the cold grey morning,
Silently shedding their silver tears.
They talk of the flowers,
To wind and river;
Tenderly mourning
For ever and ever.

Mourns old earth for your fading glory,
As the cushat over her rifled nest;
Ever singing the sorrowful story;
Folding her dead to her desolate breast.
Mourns the mountain, and mourns the valley;
Hush'd is the song of the bird and the bee;
Sighs the wind through the woodland alley;
The river weeps to the broad grey sea.

Tenderly mourning,
The wind and the river
Talk of the flowers
For ever and ever.

"IT IS I."

'Twas midnight's lonely hour;
The storm came down with power,
Tossing the boat upon the tumbling sea;
The waves with wild uproar,
Mocking each feeble oar,
As the tired fishers labour'd wearily.

No cry of beast or bird
In that wild rout is heard,
Whose rolling echoes bid the mountains shake;
When lo! a godlike form
Looms grand amid the storm,
Treading the waves of Canaan's angry lake.

"A spirit from the deep,
Starting from mystic sleep,"—
The frighten'd rowers to each other said:
Sudden the tempest dies;
And a clear voice replies—
"Fear not, for it is I; be not afraid."

So, Lord, on life's rude sea,
Fierce as the storm may be;
Though the mad tempest fly on wings of hell:
Though blackest depths be stirr'd;
Speak Thou the mighty word;
Let me but hear Thy voice, and all is well.

GOD'S ACRE.

It will be sweet to lie
Through the long day, beneath the summer sky,
Where the grass rustles as the breeze sweeps by:
To lie and be at rest,
The turf upon my breast;
Life's toil accomplish'd, earth's long labour done;
The warfare over, and its guerdon won.

I envy those who sleep
Beneath the shadows of the old church wall;
Upon whose grave the leaves of autumn fall
In many a tangled heap:

Methinks the dead beneath yon window fair,
Lie calmly listening to the words of prayer,
That, sounding from the chancel faint and dim,
Alternate mingle with the psalm and hymn.
The pealing organ swell,
God's music, floating round their place of rest,—
Soothes them to sleep, and sings that all is well;
And that the dead, the holy dead, are blest.

The city of the dead,
The peaceful city; where the cares of time
Trouble no more; where the blest sabbath chime
Breaks the deep silence; where the leaves outspread
Whisper to passing winds, and bid them blow
Where mountains heave, seas roll, and waters flow;
But soft and low,
And with a gentle breeze
To bend the grass, and stir the trees,
Where in silence calm and deep,
Earth's lost generations sleep.

MY LOVE.

I care not if thou art not fair,
For other eyes to see;
I know that thou art beautiful,
And very dear to me.

The passing rustle of thy dress,
Thy footstep in a room,
A breath of air where thou hast been,
Are music and perfume.

To me there is no solitude,
That is not fill'd with thee;
Whether in green and shady wood,
Or by the lonely sea.

There's not a single flow'r that shines
In garden, field, or grove,
But pictures out in fairest lines,
The charms of her I love.

There is no diamond star that flies
Across the sable night,
But whispers of those tender eyes,
That flood my soul with light.

And music hath no sweeter flow,
In forest or in hall,
Than when thine accents, pure and low,
Upon my spirit fall.

Thy name is written in the sky,
On field, and flow'r, and tree;
And life may pass, and time may fly,
But not my love for thee.

So do not ask me what there is
That I in you can see;
Your face is fairest of the fair,—
An angel's face to me.

WISHES.

If I could but love thee, Lord,
With the love thou hast to me:
Never then might earthly word
Say how happy I should be:
Nothing mortal could express,
Such a depth of joyfulness.

If I could but shake my heart
Free from selfishness and sin,
Feel the peace thou dost impart,
Know that all was pure within;
Calmly, sweetly, life would glide;
I would ask for nought beside.

If I could, by day and night,
Keep thee ever at my side,
Life would blossom with delight:
Love's for ever flowing tide
Would in seas of rapture roll
Round about a happy soul.

When these earthly days are past,
Then I trust to have it all;
At thy feet my crown to cast,
At thy feet in love to call;
Giving glory, honour, might,
Unto thee, the Infinite.

PUZZLES.

If I could but see the light,
And the truths that in it lie:
If God would but clear my sight,
Once, but once, before I die:
Might the clouds that now conceal
Life's great mysteries from my view,
Pass, and passing, bid me feel,
God unto himself is true:
If from out this wayward heart,
I could tear the fiend away;
Or snap in twain the venom'd dart
That afflicts me night and day:

If God would the knot unweave,
That lies tangled round my soul,
So that Him I might believe,—
Then methinks I should be whole.

Sometimes, with impatience fraught,
I have gaz'd on earth and sky;
And have, in my hasty thought,
Said that all things were a lie.
Falsehood upon all seem'd writ
In black characters of sin;
Yet it needed little wit,
To show the falsehood was within.
That were easy to believe:
Yet 'tis all around me too;
And 'tis surely vain to grieve
At what foolish mortals do.

But there is a blacker page,
Not to mortal ken reveal'd;

Which from prophet, saint, and sage,
Keeps its meanings all conceal'd.
Why should those who love the good
Fly to evil, open-ey'd?
Live one day as angels should,
And the next in sin be dyed?
Why should kings tyrannic rise,
Treading nations underfoot?
Why should fools cheat fools with lies,
And honesty and truth be mute?
Why should honest men be poor?
Why should knaves such fortunes win?
Why should misers have such store?
Why should fools in plenty grin?
Why, in pleasure's gilded boat,
Down life's stream should folly float?
Why should virtue toil in rags
To fill vice's money-bags?
Why should all that's right seem wrong?
God so weak, the devil so strong?

Yet methinks 'tis little worth
Questions such as these to ask;
Let me quench them in their birth,
And perform my daily task.
Be my station high or low,
Labour pleasant, or severe,
'Tis enough for me to know
I shall not be always here.
Lessons now misunderstood,
I shall one day read aright;
If I seek the true and good,
"At evening time there shall be light."

A NIGHT-SONG.

SEA.

"Oh Moon, that risest faint and dim;
What seekest thou, so lone and late—
So pure, and pale, and desolate,—
Above the great earth's eastern rim?"

MOON.

"Oh Sea, that dost in beauty lie;
I come to see my true-love shine,
Where he doth drink his golden wine,
And with his glory flush the sky."

SEA.

" Oh Moon, thou art too late—too late!
Thy love hath left his banquet hall;
And evening spreads her crimson pall
Above the western palace gate."

MOON.

" Oh gleaming Waves, whose golden tips
Flash where the waters kiss the sky;
Not far from you my love doth lie,
Oh, wake him with your murmuring lips."

WAVES.

" Thy true love lies in pomp and state;
With crimson clouds his couch is spread;
Thou canst not share his bridal bed:
Oh moon, thou art too late—too late!"

MOON.

" Oh Stars, that from your crystal deep,
Peer forth with sad and tender eyes;

I wander lonely through the skies :
Come, and with me your vigils keep."

STARS.

" Oh, lonely queen ! oh, widow'd mate,
Who dost for thy lost love complain !
We follow in thy silver train,
And mourn for thee, thou desolate."

"THE LAND OF THE LEAL."

Long parted have we been,
Since beneath their turf of green,
Lay the friends we lov'd so tenderly in happy days of yore:
And sadly toll'd the knell
As their forms to earth we bore:
But they're coming with the Saviour:
They are coming: they are coming:
They are coming with the Saviour
From the "Land of the Leal."

And we'll all forget our sadness,
And lift our eyes in gladness,
To give them joyous welcome
From the "Land of the Leal."

Oh dark and drear the day,
When in funeral array,
We went with sorrow, sorrow, eating at our bosom's core,
Full of grief that we should see
Our pleasant ones no more:
But they're coming with the Saviour:
They are coming: they are coming:
They are coming with the Saviour
From the "Land of the Leal."
And we'll all forget our sadness,
And lift our eyes in gladness,
To give them joyous welcome,
From the "Land of the Leal."

Where grasses wave
Above each lowly grave,
There in a still and holy rest, they rest for evermore:
Where grasses softly wave,
'Neath ruins old and hoar:

But they're coming with the Saviour:
They are coming: they are coming:
They are coming with the Saviour
From the "Land of the Leal."
And we'll all forget our sadness,
And lift our eyes in gladness,
To give them joyous welcome,
From the "Land of the Leal."

Oh sweet will be the day,
When all, in bright array,
Shall come on wings of angels borne from heaven's eternal shore;
When grief shall fade away,
And tears be wept no more.

For they're coming with the Saviour:
They are coming: they are coming:
They are coming with the Saviour
From the "Land of the Leal."
And we'll all forget our sadness,
And lift our eyes in gladness,
To give them joyous welcome,
From the "Land of the Leal."

THE FAITH.

The faith for which our fathers bled,
On Scotland's wild and rugged hills,
Where, rushing from their rocky bed,
Flow forth a thousand flashing rills:
The faith, for which they bore the cross,
And wore the captive's clanking chain,
And suffer'd shame and blame and loss,
A brighter better world to gain;
Shall still our dearest prize remain,
And we, like they, will it maintain.

How vain and weak a tyrant's ire!
  How poor the terrors of his frown!
How useless prison, sword, and fire,
  The truth to crush and trample down.
It shall arise; it shall be free;
  It shall not be a bigot's slave;
But like a rock that fronts the sea,
  And dashes down the stormy wave;
So shall our fathers' faith remain,
And we, like they, will it maintain.

That faith is seal'd to us in blood
  Of men whom terrors could not shake;
But who, for conscience, and for God,
  Died bravely at the burning stake:
And some, in exile far away;
  And not a few in dungeon cell;
And some who having knelt to pray,
  Rush'd to the charge, and fighting fell;
And still their faith shall ours remain,
And we, like they, will it maintain.

That faith is hallow'd to the mind,
By all that gilds a hero's name,
By all that elevates mankind,
By all that makes a martyr's fame:
By dripping sword, and hissing flame,
By cord, and wheel, and steel, and stake:
And we will count it scorn and shame,
Its glorious tenets to forsake.
Our fathers' faith shall ours remain,
And we, like they, will it maintain.

In human wisdom 'twill not stand,
But in the counsels of the Lord;
It is not founded on the sand,
But based on His eternal word.
And thrones may rise, or kingdoms fall,
But this shall never know decay;
This faith shall triumph over all,
And never, never pass away.
Our fathers' faith shall ours remain,
And we, like they, will it maintain.

"WATCH YE THEREFORE, AND PRAY."

Wake all, and watch, and pray,
Ye, who in Jesus are the sons of God;
The black night deepens at th' approach of day.
Demons are round us: evil stalks abroad:
And the old serpent ravins for his prey.

Oh, children of the light,
Let us not sleep as others, who, unwise,
Heed not the promise of His coming: night
Calls to their rest the weary; but our eyes
Strain through the darkness for the blessed sight

Of Jesus, and His glory. Some have slept
With lamps untrimm'd, and lights gone out: the stain
Of sin upon their garments white has crept:
Others, more faithful to their Lord, have kept
A ceaseless vigil through the night's long reign,
Waiting the awful Bridegroom and His train.

Watch ye, along the ways,
And blood-stain'd heights, by saintly martyrs trod;
Where by wheel, steel, and cord, and fagot's blaze,
Unnumber'd souls have sped their way to God,
Singing His glory in triumphant lays.

Watch too, along the vales—
Life's lowly vales—where sorrow falls like rain;
Where blasts of trouble blow in ceaseless gales;
And eyes are fill'd with tears, and hearts with pain.

And watch along the steep,
Where round the sons of God life's whirlwinds
rave,

Where sudden storms of fierce temptation sweep,
And nought but strength omnipotent can save.
There have the watchers need to pray and weep,
Until their Lord shall come His word to keep.

Nor watch alone: but pray!
Prayer softens sorrow: with its voice sublime,
Rends the dark veil that curtains up our way;
Soars like an angel, o'er the hills of time;
Persuades the Lord, and shortens His delay:
Prayer is the voice that shakes the world: it rolls
Louder than thunder round th' Almighty's throne;
Laves, like a sea, the feet of God; controls
The counsels of eternity. The Son
Listens, and loves, and pleads, and all is won.

Oh wake, and watch, and pray!
There's not a wind that blows, but bears the name
Of Jesus on its wings. Each passing day
Tells of His coming: the broad noontide flame

Shadows His glory: and the vaulted night
Whispers about Him to her glittering train.
The darkness rolleth upward into light,
And saints are singing in prophetic strain—
"He comes, Oh Earth, to rule, whose right it is to reign!"

THE VOICE OF MAY.

Oh, leave your toils, and come with me,
Where fresh green leaves wave pleasantly,
Where trees a breezy shade are flinging,
And in their tall tops birds are singing.
Laburnum hangs its golden bloom
Where lilacs spread their sweet perfume;
The jasmin flaunts its leaflets fair,
And flow'rs, bright flow'rs, are everywhere.

Oh, come! the bee is on the wing,
The may-fly dances by the rill,
Where, dipping o'er the crystal spring,
The willows wave, serene and still.
The sedges by the river bend,
Their grey leaves whisper to the breeze,
The tripping waters flashing, wend
Their crystal way to distant seas.

Oh, come! the blackbird pours his lay,
God's minstrel, from his waving throne;
The song-thrush, on the bending spray,
Trills his sweet pipe of silver-tone.
The lark sings high in laughing skies,
The cuckoo answers from the woods,
And soothing murmurs softly rise
From nature's sylvan solitudes.

Oh, come from workshops dull and dim,
And seek the breezy mountain-side;

Or wander by the river's brim,
Where foxgloves flaunt in crimson pride;
Where lilies fair their petals lave,
And hawthorns hang great robes of snow;
The linnet sings a merry stave,
And waters musically go.

Oh come, and leave the world awhile;
Leave its dull cares, and haste away,
There is a charm in nature's smile,
Gold gives not—cannot take away.
For sweetly sighs the balmy breeze;
Loud swell the songs of hill and lea;
A whisper runs through waving trees;
And hums the honey-laden bee.

WHEN WILT THOU COME, OH KING?

When wilt thou come, oh King!
And take unto thyself thy glorious crown?
When shall the echoes of creation ring
With the glad anthems of thy dear renown?
When shall the dwellers in earth's distant isles
Harp forth their songs across resounding seas?
And the blue ocean through her watery miles
Whisper thy glory to the passing breeze?

When shall, as prophets have foretold, the rose
Blossom amid the wilderness, and shed
Its fragrance o'er the desert land, and spread
With more than native loveliness, where flows
Many a bright river through the wastes of old,
Green-bank'd, and osier-fringed, o'er sands of
gold?

When shall the snow-crown'd top
Of barren mountains into verdure break?
When shall the golden corn-ears' tawny crop
Waver like forests down their slope, and wake
The grand old earth to gladness, for His sake,
Who died on Calvary? The full heart yearns
To see His glorious face; all meaner joy it spurns.

When wilt thou come, oh King?
And spread salvation's banner on the sky?
When shall the nations lift their heads, and sing—
"Redemption draweth nigh?"

Our eyes would see thy starry portent fly
Sweeping in glory through the vault of heaven;
Oh, hear thy people cry;
The people thou hast purchas'd, lov'd, forgiven:
The weak, the sad, the erring,—storm-toss'd,
tempest-driven.

Temptations round us sweep,
Many and bitter, arm'd with hellish sting:
For thee we wait, oh Lord, and longing weep:
When wilt thou come, oh King?
Come, in the blaze of day, with storms outspread;
Come, in the silent hush of midnight's gloom;
Come, when thou wilt, to raise each lowly head;
Only come quickly; come, Lord Jesus, come!

PREFERENCES.

Some there be who love to stand
  Where the sea breaks on the shore,
Sweeping in thunder o'er the land,
  For ever and for ever more.

There are some who love to climb
  Where each mighty mountain throws
Up to God its crown sublime,
  Spangled with eternal snows.

There are some who love to ride
First in the battle's clanging van;
Tossing on the furious tide
Of war, where struggles man with man.

But give to me the quivering shade,
Where trees are waving calm and holy;
And sunlight dancing in the glade,
To cheer my fancies melancholy.

I care not for the battle's shock;
I hate its blood-empurpled glory;
A thousand spectral devils mock
Its withering laurels, stain'd and gory.

I have no wish to climb and see
The mountain summits wild and cragged;
And gaze with terror dizzily
Down shuddering chasms split and jagged.

No! give to me the milder scene,
The waving woodland's sylvan hall;
The flowery vales of living green,
The silver-flashing waterfall.

The quiet river's ceaseless flow,
Amid its rushes, grass, and weeds;
Its wavelets singing as they go,
Where bends the lily in the reeds.

The flowery mead, the waving corn,
The shade and sunbeam as they fly;
The silent noon, the golden morn,
The cloud and rainbow in the sky.

Oh, gentle shades so sweetly fair!
So filled with beauty wild and free!
Let others grander raptures share,
The shades—the gentle shades—for me.

FLOWERS.

Give unto the pleasant flowers
  Gentle tending, loving care;
Feed them with the summer showers,
  And its balmy air:
Lest like some dear friends of ours,
  Now in darkness laid,
One by one, the pleasant flowers
  Droop, and die, and fade.

Give unto the pleasant flowers
  Air and moisture, light and shade,
Lest they pine for native bowers,
  Lest they droop and fade.
Let the blessed sunshine hover
  O'er each fragrant bloom;
Let the wild bee, lusty lover,
  Bask in their perfume;
Lest, like hopes that now are over,
  They, too, seek the tomb.

NOUS VERRONS.

Go forth, oh little book of modest song,
A waif among the thousands daily sent
Floating on troubled waters. Business-pent,
And driven by toil necessitous and strong,
I can but launch thee on thy quiet way:
Sink, if thou must; but swim, if so thou may.
Though not by fancy's fairy fingers deck'd,
I would not see thee prematurely wreck'd.
No royal craft, but ship of lowly prow;
Yet such have enter'd harbour: so may'st thou.

Thou hast been, and art ever, dear to me;
The toil thou gavest was a blissful thing:
I did but leave my own dark world to sing,
As sings the cage-bird, suddenly set free
To fly rejoicing over earth and sea.
For thou hast been a gladness and delight
Through many a weary day, and wakeful night;
A bow of beauty on life's troubled air,
With many-coloured brightness beaming fair;
Whose tender gleams and gentle glories play'd
O'er the low, dull vicissitudes of trade;
And gave to daily duties, as they came,
A nobler aspect, and a stronger claim.

Go forth, oh little book, that art a thing
Of shreds and patches from the daily woof
And texture of my life; its hue, and proof:—
An echo dim of sweeter strains, that ring
Where angel hands have rear'd the crystal roof
Of the great palace of th' eternal King:—

A few dropp'd feathers from a lowly wing;
A few faint tones, that would to heav'n aspire,
Drawn by weak fingers from a trembling lyre;
A humble gift,—such as of old did bring
The widow to God's treasury, who cast
Her mite among the great men's gold and gems.
So take thy place by poet-diadems:
Though least, the Master may not deem thee last.

And it may be, if thou should'st win thy way
To some small favour in the hearts of men,
Some lowly niche not lost from human ken,
That other words may follow. For each day
Brings with it as it flies a varied store
Of thought and passion, rising evermore;
Joy, care, and sorrow, memories kind and dear,
And fancies changing with the changing year.
Vicissitudes and accidents combine
To mould the fashion of each measur'd line;
And books, and men, and manners, ever bring

Responsive echoes from the lyric string,
That, sometimes jangling, sometimes in sweet tune,
Doth with all things of heaven and earth commune.
The sun's broad ray, the cloud that flecks the sky,
The voice of winds and waters moving by,
Far distant church bells sounding faint and dim,
The song of birds, the woodland's whisper'd hymn;
Flow'rs, of all form and colour; insects fair;
The summer's shining, palpitating air;—
All sights, sounds, joys, and odours, make appeal
To the fine, inner sense, that none may feel,
Save he, who flies from sin and folly's lure,
And purifies himself, as God is pure;
And reverent, worships lowly at the shrine
Of Him, who is th' Immutable—Divine.

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